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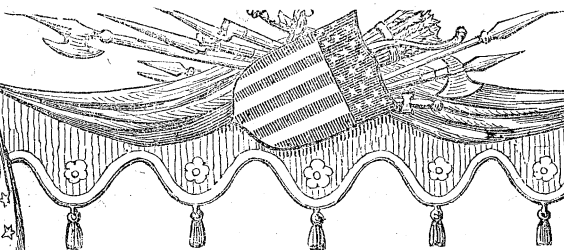
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OR,
THE MAID OF MILAN

No.

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 Miss Fanny Vining,  
 Mrs. Vincent,  
 " Maria Rainforth,  
 Miss Eschscholtz.

MISS FREEDENS.

## COSTUMES.

*Duke*.—Rich white kerseymere shape—trunks, with slashes, trimmed with silver—rich velvet cloak—white pantaloons—white shoes and rosettes—full ruff, etc.

*Rolamo*.—Long drab frock, with dark binding—full trunks of the same color—stockings, ditto—russett shoes—large white collar—large slouch hat.

*Jocoso*.—Light blue jerkin, trimmed with silver—light vest—breeches of same color of jerkin, trimmed with pink—white stockings, shoes, and rosettes.

*Geronio*.—Light brown suit and cloak—brown trunks—blue stockings—russet shoes.

*Nimpedo*.—Long white coat, open—white vest—full white trunk breeches—light blue stockings—white shoes—rosettes.

*Page*.—Dress similar to Jocoso's.

*Servants*.—Orange colored liveries, trimmed with silver.

*Nobleman*.—Rich shape—cloak—hat and feathers—sword.

*Pelgrino*.—Brown dress, with puffs—large slouch hat.

*Clari*.—First dress: Complete white morning dress of muslin, frilled. Second dress: Rich white satin train dress, richly embroidered with gold—white satin shoes. Third dress: White body—gray petticoat, trimmed with black velvet—light gray stockings, with clocks—black shoes.

*Vespina*.—White body, trimmed with red—white skirt, striped with red—white stockings—red shoes—her head trimmed with roses, etc.

*Wife*.—Dark village dress—white handkerchief—gipsy hat and cap.

*Fidalma*.—Red and white turban head-dress, yellow gauze scarf appended from it—white body—drab skirt, trimmed with black and yellow.

*Ninetta*.—White muslin dress, trimmed with white riband.

*Leoda*.—White body—pink skirt, trimmed with brown—dark shoes.

## SCENERY.

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### ACT 1st.

SCENE 1.—Paper, 3 door chamber, 3 g.—c. doors—curtains.  
—Balustrade x.—Backed with street, 4 g.—Set door, r. 2d, e.

SCENE 2.—Paper, 2 door 1 g.

SCENE 3.—Village 5 g.—green drops in 3.—Set cottage behind green drop r. e.

*DROP.*

---

### ACT 2d.

SCENE 1.—Paper, 2 door chamber 1 g.

SCENE 2.—Paper, 3 door chamber 3 g.—Same as Act 1st, Scene 1.

*DROP.*

---

### ACT 3d.

SCENE 1.—Landscape scene 1 g.

SCENE 2.—Woods 5 g.—Set cottage l. 3d, e.—Set summer house r. 3d, e.—Bridge crosses 4 and foreground.—Set rock piece r. and l. u. e.—Set raking piece l. u. e.—Steps behind r. u. e.—Cottage r.—Set fence with gate c. across 4.

*CURTAIN.*

## PROPERTIES.

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### ACT 1st.

SCENE 1.—Handsome toilette table and glass, large mirror L. H.—4 chairs R. and L.—2 band-boxes, one containing bonnet and scarf to be taken out.—Lace boxes and casket discovered on L.—Miniature for Duke.—Plain village dress and cabinet book ready, R. 2d E.—Small table with portfolio of drawings and drawing materials L. H.

SCENE 2d.—Blank Paper for Geronio.

SCENE 3d.—White wand for Jocosso.—2 small gothic chairs L. H.—Blank papers for Page.—Spinning weel R. H.—Stool, rose bushes near cottage L. H.—[*behind curtain*] small water pot for Leoda.

### *QUICK CURTAIN.*

---

### ACT 2d.

SCENE 2d.—Same as Act 1st, Scene 1st—Lighted candles on table R. H.—Blank letter and casket for Clari—Scarf for Clari.—Lighted candle and torches ready for Jocosso, and servants ready L. H. 1st E.

### *QUICK CURTAIN.*

---

### ACT 3d.

SCENE 2d.—Table and chairs—Breakfast things for Fidalma—Gun and purse for Rolamo.

### *SLOW CURTAIN.*



MEMOIR OF  
WILLIAM H. (SEDLEY) SMITH,

THE PRESENT STAGE-MANAGER OF THE BOSTON MUSEUM.

Written for Spencer's Boston Theatre.

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It is a somewhat singular fact that what, with the number of theatrical works published in this country, within the past ten years, the hosts of critics, authors, etc., who are ever ready to wield their pens in such a sphere and the great reputation which has always attended the performances of W. H. Smith, no memoir or biographical sketch has ever been written of his eventful career, and yet, there have been few men upon the American stage whose lives have been more marked by change and adventure. Early thrown upon his own resources for support, without any assistance from influential friends, and poor in purse as he was young in years, his present position and his sterling reputation are striking illustrations of what energy, estimating and availing itself of the true value of time, can accomplish even under the most adverse circumstances.

W. H. Sedley, was born in North Wales, we think about the year 1806, and left his home a mere lad of fourteen years, to fight his own way in the world, before study or experience could have given him even a faint idea of what troubles, dangers, and temptations that world contained. Assuming the name of Smith from a desire to preserve inviolate the family appellation, he applied to Mr. Crisp, then manager of the theatre at Shrewsbury (England) for the situation of "Call Boy," and was accepted. Noticing a certain amount of ambition and a degree of interest in his business manifested by his new auxiliary, Manager Crisp gave him occasionally some little character to personate, until almost imperceptibly the novice found himself numbered as one of the actors of the Company. His first regular engagement was at

the Theatre Royal, Lancaster, as walking gentleman, in 1822. In 1824, still advancing, for to him the "lexicon of youth" had no difficult word; he assumed the onerous position of Light Comedian and Juvenile Tragedian at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, with Edward Seymour, Esq., as manager. His success here was unequivocal, and so rapidly did he obtain popularity in the profession, that in 1827 we find him playing the following "Star" engagements: a month at Rochdale, a fortnight at Nottingham, and a fortnight at Derby. At this time he received a liberal offer from Messrs. Simpson and Cowell, and May 16, 1827, he sailed for America, engaged to play at the Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington theatres. He opened at the Walnut St. theatre as Diddler in "Raising the wind," and as Lothair in the Miller and his Men, and at once became a favorite with the public, the managers and with the members of his profession. So highly were his abilities and talents valued by Mr. Cowell, that in four weeks from his arrival in America, he was appointed by that gentleman as stage manager, and performed the arduous duties of that situation in the three theatres for which he had originally been engaged simply as an actor. Breaking his connections with Mr. Cowell at the close of the season, Mr. Smith opened at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, at the commencement of the season 1828, as Rolando, in the Honeymoon, and became here as elsewhere a great favorite, playing the Light Comedy and the Juvenile Tragedy—two lines or rather departments of the profession for which he was eminently fitted, both by nature and study. In the year 1829 Mr. Smith assumed the duties of Stage Manager of the Tremont, and remained at this theatre (a particular favorite with the public) until the season of 1836 and '37 when he was engaged by Mr. Pelby as Stage Manager for the National theatre in this city, and for two seasons performed the requisite duties of that situation with entire satisfaction. Satisfied with his position in the profession and the public, and determined to settle himself permanently in this city, in 1829 Mr. Smith united himself with the Boston Fire Companies, and continued an active member of that department for over ten years, and is at the present time (1856) a member of the Veteran association. In a professional point of view, this period may be considered as the brightest of his life, for, from the meanest rank in his sphere of action he had risen to the highest; from boyhood and poverty, with no friendly aid or counsel to assist him in the dark and lonely struggle, he had passed on with time, to manhood and to fame. Welcome on the "boards" as an actor of talent and refinement, he was equally well received in society as one who boasted of a brilliant conversation and a refined intelligence. In 1840 Mr. Smith returned to Philadelphia, and for a time was manager with William Dinneford, of the Arch Street theatre. In 1842 Mr. Moses Kimball having made arrangements to devote a portion of what is now termed the Old Museum, (on the corner of Bromfield and Tremont Streets,) to dramatic representations, selected Mr. Smith as his Stage Manager, and in this year he returned to Boston to meet with a hearty reception from a public with whom he had ever been popular. For over thirteen years has Mr. Smith held this position, to the entire satisfaction of his employer and the patrons of the Museum, and we trust he will remain until his final departure from the profession, for certainly the position and the man are congenial. As an actor Mr. Smith has, probably, few equals now upon the stage and no superiors; and as a manager

he is, undoubtedly the best in this country, bringing to those onerous duties a long and tried experience, a calm judgment and a just appreciation of what will best adorn the drama, and prove acceptable to his patrons. The writer of this sketch has had a fair opportunity of judging his abilities and qualifications to please either in private or public life, and has ever found him as pleasing in the one as experienced in the other. He is a self educated man and boasts of many accomplishments not usually found in one person; for instance, he is a good musician, and at one time was celebrated as an excellent flutist, is a master of fencing, a fine sparrer, and was, in former years, an excellent singer and dancer; he is well versed in history and well read in the English classics. We have often wished that Mr. Smith, like Wood, Cowell, Wemyss and others, would one day give to the world his experiences as actor and manager, enriching the remaisances with the many anecdotes of celebrated persons, and the profession with which we know, from personal experience, his rare memory is stored; such a work we feel confident would meet with a ready sale, and would amply repay him for the labor. In his later years Mr. Smith has assumed the duties of a teacher in his "noble art" and has now two pupils upon the stage, of whom the world speaks fairly. In closing this brief sketch, we cannot but express the opinion that in it there may be found the highest inspiration an ambitious mind can seek for; for here we see that fortune may be reached by the poor as by the rich, and that from lowliness and poverty may be moulded a high position and an honorable name.

# CLARI.

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SCENE I.—*A magnificent apartment, an elegant toilette, and a cabinet, R.—A full length swing glass, and a sofa, L.—A large French window, through which the distant country is seen, C. F.—A balcony, overhanging the road, appears outside—A door, R., opening into the bed-room of Clari.—And a door L., the general entrance to the Apartment—Two male and two female servants discovered, L. arranging band-boxes, cases, caskets, etc., containing millinery, ornaments, and various presents.*

[*Enter Vespina,*] I. D.

Ves. [*Looking at the boxes.*] Where do these boxes come from?

Girl. From Paris.

Ves. From Paris! to whose address?

Girl. The Lady Clari's.

Ves. The Lady Clari's! Go, get you gone! [*Exeunt servants I. D.*] It is really quite provoking! to see all this fuss made about a—nobody knows whom—for nobody knows why. The Lady Clari, indeed!—a fine lady, no doubt! I wonder what the Duke sees in her, to be fond of!—a little country chit, that does nothing but whimper and whine. I am sure, [*Looking in the glass,*] there are many prettier faces, if people had but a little taste! Well, they say some folks are luckier than some folks. [*Looking at the band-boxes*] It is very tempting to be left alone with all this finery. I'll just peep, and see if she be stirring yet. [*Goes to the bed-room door, R. pushes it lightly, and*

*returns on tiptoe.*] No; fast enough. I will have a look. [*Opens the band-boxes and stands looking in great delight.*] Oh, what beauties! [*Takes a bonnet out of one*] There! [*Puts it on*] Who'll say now that 'tisn't fine feathers that make fine birds? [*Mimicking*] How is your ladyship to-day? I hope your ladyship is very well.—Indeed, I am sure you must be, for you look charmingly! [*Untying the bonnet.*] But, I must part with it. [*Taking it off.*] Yes, you naughty, provoking, beautiful bonnet, you must go! There! there! there!—Get away with you, since I must give you up,—get you gone! get you gone! [*Petulantly thrusting the bonnet away into the band-box.*]

*Enter Jocosso unobserved, L.*

*Ves.* Oh, this beautiful lace scarf! Why it sets as if it was made for me. I see all the lords dying for love of me, and all the ladies for envy: I see—— [*Jocosso creeps softly up to her, and thrusts his head over her shoulder, as she is admiring herself in the glass.*]

*Joc.* (*Calling out, in a gruff voice,*) B-r-r-r-roo!

*Ves.* (*Shrieks, throws off the scarf, and turning, sees Jocosso.*) How could you scare one so? You're an impudent, ill-natured good-for-nothing booby! that you are.

*Joc.* Lord bless you!—One would have thought we were already man and wife, by your being in such a flusteration at my coming in when you didn't expect me.

*Ves.* Sir, let me tell you, man and wife, or not man and wife, you should never come into my presence without first knocking at the door.

*Joc.* That's a good one. What! and so let a gallant have time to get up the chimney, or out of the window! I'faith, for aught I know, there's somebody here as it is, for I think I heard you talking before I came in (*x to r.*) But I'll ferret him out, I warrant.

*Ves.* (*Stopping him.*) What! at your old suspicions again.

*Joc.* Come, now you're a good girl, I'll tell you some news. Oh! such racketing times as these are! What do you think we're going to have to-day!—Now only guess.

*Ves.* How should I guess? Not another concert, I hope? I'm tired to death with the one we had last night.

*Joc.* (*R*) O, no; not the same thing every day. That's a horse-in-a-mill sort of life. Even the sunshine of that pretty face of yours might grow insipid, but for the storms that come once or twice every four-and-twenty hours, to give a zest to it. No, no: dear variety for me! Open (*Pointing to her eyes.*) those Cupid's quivers of yours, and wonder.—We're to have a play.

*Ves.* (*L*) Bless me! a play?

*Joc.* A play, sweetheart! This is our new mistress, the Lady Clari's birth-day.

*Ves.* Umph! so I heard.

*Joc.* There's a set of actors just dropped here, from the clouds; I chanced to know the manager, and spoke about him to the Duke, who has left the arrangements all to me; so I am to——

*Ves.* Manage the manager.

*Joc.* Ah, girl—higher folks than we get on by that. You don't know yet half what I can do to amuse.

*Ves.* Not much, if I am to judge from what I do know.

*Joc.* My talents have had no chance: You'll see how the Lady Clari——

*Ves.* Oh, the Lady Clari! the Lady Clari! I'm sick of the very name! I've a great mind to leave the Duke's service, that I have! bringing us all the way from Milan to wait on a——

*Joc.* Hollo! Hollo!

*Ves.* Well, Jocososo, I'm sure she's no better than she should be.

*Joc.* That's the case with most of us, I'm afraid, in this world.

*Ves.* Is the Duke married to her? Answer me that. You can't, you can't, Jocososo. And what business has she to live here in state, like a duchess, if she isn't a duchess?

*Joc.* How can she help herself? Hasn't the duke given particular orders that she is never to be suffered to pass the boundaries of the park, or garden of the Casino, in the day time? And are not the doors locked and guarded at night, as if she was a state prisoner? She doesn't like to live here, that's plain enough to be seen, I'm sure? and that she's innocent, I could be sworn, or I never saw any one look so like it in my life. As to fine clothes if his grace won't give her any plain ones, what's she to do then? You'd have her wear some sort, I presume?

*Ves.* Lord, Jocososo.

*Joc.* Between you and I, it's my opinion the Duke has enticed her here under false pretences; and I pity the poor girl from my soul.

*Ves.* And I'm sure so do I, if that is the case.

*Joc.* At any rate Vespina, let's be charitable enough to think so, till we have some strong proof to the contrary. I'm glad these actors have arrived. They will, perhaps, dissipate her melancholy.

*Ves.* She never saw a play in her life; I've heard her say so.

*Joc.* So much the better; how pleased she'll be.

*Ves.* Hush! here comes his lordship.

*Enter the Duke Vivaldi, L. D.*

*Duke.* (To *Ves.*) Is your mistress yet awake?

Ves. I'll run and see, my lord. [*Exit in bed-room, R. H. 2 E.*]

Duke. (*aside*) Why splendid slavery of rank? why must affection be thy victim? The peasant mates him where his heart directs, and to his lowly bride brings happiness; his lord must fret, chained to some high born fool; or either pine in vain for humble loveliness, or make its innocence a martyr to his choice. (*After a moment's pause,*) I was not formed for a betrayer!—Wed!—I cannot cease to love.

*Re-enter Vespina, R. H. 2 E.*

Ves. (*Comes down R.*) My lady is up, and has just finished dressing, my lord.

Duke. Vespina, does she appear happy when alone?

Ves. Not—not very, my lord. Her eyes sparkle when ever she speaks of you or hears you named; but then, immediately afterwards, a cloud seems to pass over her spirits, and she'll set her down and weep, so bitterly, my lord.

Duke. Indeed! (*Calling aloud.*) Jocosco?

Joc. (*Running down,*) Your grace.

Duke. (*c. Pointing to Ves.*) I think I've heard that you are fond of this girl!

Joc. (*L. C.*) Bless her! my lord, though I say it to her face, she is the very apple of my eye. I never go to bed without dreaming of her.

Ves. (*R.*) And never get up without quarrelling with her.

Joc. Ah, lovers' quarrels, my lord,—only lovers' quarrels, my lord.

Duke. Well, you shall be happy. Watch your young mistress closely, Vespina. Try every means you can devise to divert these fits of melancholy. Never let her be alone. You and Jocosco shall have a handsome dowry and be man and wife. [*X. to R.*]

Joc. (*L.*) Shall we my lord? (*To Ves.*) Why don't you kneel down, you jade, and thank his grace for making a woman of you?

Duke. (*R. Taking a miniature from his bosom, and laying it on the toilet of Clari.*) Vespina, do not name this to your mistress. [*X to C.*]

Ves. No, my lord, (*Aside.*) That's his miniature, and done to surprise her. Oh, what a thing it is to have a well bred lover! Jocosco never surprises me—never!

Duke. She comes! Jocosco, follow me.

[*Exeunt Duke and Jocosco L. D.—Jocosco in going, attempts to kiss Vespina's hand, who slaps him on the cheek, and exit R. D.*]

*Enter Clari, R. D.—she seems fatigued and melancholy.*

SONG.—*Clari.*

Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home,  
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,  
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.  
Home, sweet home!  
There's no place like home,

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain!  
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!  
The birds singing gaily that call at my call,—  
Give me them, with the peace of mind dearer than all!  
Home, sweet home!  
There's no place like home!

*Re-enter Vespina, R. D.*

*Ves.* (R.) Bless me, ma'am, if I might be so bold, what a pretty song that was, and how prettily you sang it, ma'am. Where might you have learnt that song, ma'am, if I might be so bold?

*Clari.* (R) Where I learned other lessons, I ought ne'er to have forgotten. It is the song of my native village—the hymn of the lowly heart, which dwells upon every lip there, and, like a spell word, brings back to its home the affection which e'er has been betrayed to wander from it. It is the first music heard by infancy in its cradle; and our cottagers, blending it with all their earliest and tenderest recollections, never cease to feel its magic, till they cease to live.

*Ves.* How natural that is! Just like me;—my nurse used to hush me to sleep with a song, which I have never heard since without nodding.

*Clari.* Said you not the duke was inquiring for me.

*Ves.* He's but this moment gone, Miss; but see what lovely things he has left for you.

*Clari.* (Looking at them as *Ves.* displays them.) Yes, beautiful indeed! (Suddenly becomes thoughtful, and speaks apart.) But can these, can these baubles make me happy? Ah, never! the heart that's ill at ease is made more wretched by the splendor which laughs, in awful mockery, around its dreariness. (She seems embarrassed by the presence of *Ves.*, and seeks a pretext for getting rid of her.) *Vespina?*

*Ves.* My lady.

*Clari.* I—I—pray go and bring me the book I was reading yesterday.

*Ves.* (Aside.) This is only her excuse to get rid of me.  
(Aloud.) I'm going, ma'am. (Aside.) I should like to know



the reason. She'll not get me off for long, though. (*Aloud.*) Yes, ma'am, I'm going.

[*Exit Ves., R. D.—Clari, much agitated goes to the cabinet, R. and takes out a plain village dress—she places it on a chair, R. fixes her eye on it intently, and sobs heavily.*]

Clari. Escape, no, no ;—I can brave the shocks of fate, but not a father's eye ; to expose myself to his wrath—no, no ! my heart's not strong enough for that.

*Re-enter Vespina with a book, R.*

Ves. Here, 'tis, ma'am.—Lord bless me ! (*Seeing the village dress in the chair.*) What's this dress doing here ? (*Catching it up.*) Who could have put such trumpery in the way ?

[*Tossing it aside.*]

Clari. (*Springing forward emphatically.*) Give it back ! That humble dress was mine—I cast it off ! The splendor that replaced it was bought with agony !—Oh, my forsaken parents !—Come hither, Vespina ; I have no one here of my own sex to talk to—no one to listen to my sorrows :—I—

Ves. Pray, pray speak freely to me. Though humble, you'll not find me insincere.

Clari. Vespina, if you knew what a home, and what parents I had left, you'd pity me.

Ves. I do pity you—I do. Better days will come ;—you'll be as happy as when you left them.

Clari. I did not mean to leave them. The duke came often, and saw me as if by chance. 'Twas my first secret from my father and my mother—'twas a fatal one ! He promised marriage—that if I would follow him, the moment we arrived at this Casino, the sacred rite should be performed, and that he would return with and present me to my delighted parents as his bride. Some spell, some horrid spell was over me !—I remember the last look of the smoke curling over our ancient trees.—(*Her voice is choked with emotion*) I've no further recollection—I found myself here. The duke renewed his promise. Day has followed day—still, still he promises, but he has not kept his word.

Ves. (*Confidently.*) Be of good cheer, madam ; he will keep it.

Clari. Will he ?—Now, don't trifle with me—tell me the worst at once. Better is present death, than hope deferred, still lingering on, still doomed to be deceived.

Ves. My dear young mistress, there's plenty of time before you to talk of dying ; and, as a proof that the duke don't mean to deceive you, look here. (*Bringing the portrait.*) On a chambermaid's penetration, this is nothing more or less than an earnest of the original.

*Clari.* (*Taking it with transport, stands awhile with her eyes rivetted on it.*) Ah! precious to the fond one is the semblance of the object held most dear! 'Tis the enchanter's wand, which gathers around it, in a magic circle, sweet recollections and feelings, which make memory a paradise! No, no! treachery could never dwell in such a face! I'll trust him still!—He cannot mean me false.

*Ves.* (*Pointing to the village dress.*) Shall I put away this dress, ma'am? I'm sure the duke would be hurt to see it here.

*Clari.* Yes: take it away, Vespina, take it away: I would not for the world do anything to make him uneasy.

[*Exit Ves., with the dress, R.*]

*Enter the Duke, L. D.*

*Clari.* (*Advancing to meet him.*) Ah, sir! why overwhelm me with gifts like these?—My humble habits shrink from such magnificence. This—(*Pointing to the miniature.*) is the only one I prize! the herald of a gift to follow, which shall restore me to my friends, my self-esteem, my poor heart-broken parents.

*Duke.* (*L. Endeavoring to hide his embarrassment.*) This is your birth-day, Clari.

*Clari.* (*R. Starting and petrified.*) Indeed! that word tears my wounds open! Oh, what a day this was! Our little cottage was one smile of gladness! The sacred halo of a parent's blessing descended on me with the morning's sun; and even my birds, my flowers, my young companions, all seemed to wear a livelier look, and lift their heads rejoicing. [*Weeps.*]

*Duke.* Nay, Clari, cheer thee love!—banish that woe, discard that dread: rely upon my promise.

*Clari.* Heaven's smile repay that word! The weight which pressed me to the earth's removed, and all around breathes ecstacy.

*Duke.* Go, dearest Clari; go put on your richest dress, to celebrate the day.

*Clari.* (*With enthusiasm.*) Which gives me back to honor. It shall be done, my lord. (*Exit Duke, L.*) Once more a cheering hope brings consolation to my heart, and assures me of future happiness and joy. [*Exit. R. D.*]

SCENE II.—*Another apartment in the Palace.*

*Voices.* (*Without, L. laughing.*) Ha! ha! ha!

*Enter Vespina, L. running.*

*Ves.* (*Calling.*) Jocosco, Jocosco!

*Enter Jocosco, R.*

*Joc.* Well, what now? Lord bless you, can't you be happy a minute without me?

*Ves.* (*L.*) Oh, Jocosco, what's to be done!—I can't get the strolling actors, that are to do the play you engaged them for, to stir from the table! I wish we hadn't given them their dinner till the play was over.

*Joc.* (*R.*) 'Twould have been the safer way; a dinner's quite an event to these fellows.

*Geronio.* (*Without, L.*) Huza! huza! huza!

*Ves.* How now! what's this?

*Joc.* (*Crossing to L. and looking out.*) As I hope to be a grandfather, one of the troop drunk! Run, Vespina, and mind the company, while I see to the actors. [*Exit Ves. R.*

*Enter Geronio, intoxicated, L.*

*Ger.* (*Staggering.*) Huza! huza! the duke's a glorious duke! I'll stand up for the duke.

*Joc.* (*c.*) That's more than you can do for yourself I think.

*Ger.* (*L.*) What's that you say? Don't say a word against the duke.—I'll dine with him seven weeks in a day.

*Joc.* What's to be done? As I live it's the actor for the prologue, in this state! If it were in a theatre, it would be of no consequence, for nobody ever comes in time for a prologue there. But at a private representation—

*Ger.* Don't be alarmed—I'm perfect to a letter,—you see if I am't. Here take you the manuscript, and hear me—you'll see how glib I'll get on.

*Joc.* Well, why don't you begin?

*Ger.* Only you give me the first line, you know.

*Joc.* Very well. (*Takes the manuscript.*) Come—(*Reading*) "When first the drama's sire"—Heyday! what a confounded long prologue it must be, to begin so far back. You don't mean to give us a history of the stage, do you?

*Ger.* Be quiet you put me out (*Reciting*) "When first the drama's sire his course begun"—

*Joc.* (*Imitating him.*) He little dreamed of fathering such a son.

*Ger.* There's nothing like that in it. Give me the prologue, and I'll speak it properly. (*He takes the manuscript.*) "When first the sire's dram"—

*Joc.* (*Interrupting him.*) Hollo! hollo! what are you about? Would you murder the author's poetry?

*Ger.* That is the pre-r-o-ga-tive of our calling. But what do you call murdering the poetry? Bless you, it's the author that murders the poetry—I am only the executioner. "When first" —[*Waits for Jocosso to get a wand. Exeunt L.*]

SCENE III.—*A garden splendidly illuminated.—A theatre is formed among the trees in the back, the stage being level with the supposed spectators, and the scene lighted from above; seats are placed for the audience, R.; the curtain is down.—The place is filled by the tenants of the Duke.*

MUSIC.—*Grand march—Enter Jocosso, R. with a wand—he places the tenantry in seats.—Enter Clari, led by the Duke and followed by Vespina and Servants, R.—The Spectators rise and bow respectfully—Clari is conducted to a splendid seat by the Duke's side, L., Vespina remaining at a distance.—At the end of the March, the Duke's Page enters, R.*

*Page.* (*Bowing to the Duke and presenting papers.*) A courier from Milan has brought these despatches, my lord. They require an immediate answer.

*Duke.* (*Rising and looking at the despatches.*) Excuse me for a while, my friends; and do not let my absence interrupt your pleasure. The village actors are in waiting, and will amuse you with their humble efforts; ere they are ended, I shall return.

[*Exit, followed by the Page and two Servants, R.*]

MUSIC.—*A short opening symphony, preparatory to the beginning of the play—during which Clari beckons Vespina to come and stand by her, R.—The curtain rises—SCENE, a landscape, with a Swiss village in the background—Pelgrino's house, L.—a practicable bridge, L. U. E.*

*Enter Leoda from the house, R. U. E.—trims and waters a rose-tree—Music connected with the opening symphony.*

*Leo.* How sweetly my roses have opened! They seem to know that they are destined to be gifts of affection and to smile with the delight I shall feel in bestowing them on those I love so dearly. So, this for father, and this for mother.

*Enter Pelgrino, from the Farm House, R. U. E.*

*Pel.* (*R.*) Good morning, child.

*Leo.* (L.) Ah, father! I've such a gift for you and dear mother.

*Pel.* Indeed!

*Leo.* There!—Is there a painting in any chateau in Italy half so beautiful? What a name the painter would get, who could only give a perfect copy of these roses; and, you see, I give you the originals for nothing.

*Pel.* Dear girl!

*Leo.* Though not for nothing, neither; for you give me, in exchange, those sweet smiles of affection, which are, to me, of more value than anything else in the world.

*Pel.* Darling child! the look of affection will always reward innocence

[*Leoda kneels and receives the blessing of her parents.*]

*Clari.* (*Low and agitated, to Vespina.*) Look! look!—She's happy! she's happy!

*Leoda rises—her father x to L., and is departing.*

*Leo.* (*Running towards him.*) What! leave us so soon, my father? Stay till the air grows cooler.

*Pel.* My child, these locks have withered in the hot sun; I have passed many years in toiling for others, and never shrunk from its beam; and now, when it is for my darling girl I toil, the balm and comfort of my life, I cannot feel fatigue; and every drop that rolls down my weather-beaten forehead in such a cause makes my old head the lighter.

[*Pelgrino embraces his daughter and exit L. U. E.*]

*Enter the Wife, from the Farm house, R. U. E.—she takes a seat by her spinning wheel—Leoda sits down by her side, and begins to work.—Enter the Nobleman and his Servant, on the bridge, looking after Pelgrino, L. U. E.*

*Wife.* So, my dear, Zanette is likely to be better off than ever; instead of being ruined by the burning of her cottage, the lord of the manor is to rebuild it, and has made her a handsome present into the bargain.

*Leo.* Indeed!—bless his kind heart! The whole village rings with his charities; and, whenever I see him my heart beats so!

*Nob.* (*To his Servant.*) He must be out of sight by this time, Stand aside and conceal yourself.

[*Exeunt Nobleman and Servant, L. U. E.*]

*Wife.* Ah, my child!—It's a very bad sign when a young girl's heart beats at the sight of a good looking young man, When that happens, she ought at once to get out of his way.

*Leo.* Nay, dear mother, to me a warning is superfluous; your daughter's affections live in her home. Is it possible she can find elsewhere what home will yield her?

AIR.—*Leoda.*—*Accompanied by the Harp.*

'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!  
Home! sweet home!  
There's no place like home.

*Ves.* (*Aside to Clari.*) Bless me!—why, if it isn't the very song. [*Part of the song is repeated.*]

*Clari.* (*Smothering an hysteric shriek.*) I cannot—cannot—Oh, agony, agony, agony.

*Enter the Nobleman and Servant, L. U. E., from the bridge, the Wife and Leoda start.*

*Nob.* Pray don't rise. Don't let me disconcert you. Is Pelgrino within?

*Wife.* He is but this moment gone into the fields, my lord.

*Nob.* Indeed!—that is peculiarly unfortunate, for I have just now urgent occasion to speak with him.

*Wife.* (*Aside.*) Urgent occasion! What can it be? (*To Nobleman.*) Then, my lord I'll hasten after him. Pray have the goodness to wait one moment. [*x to L.*]

*Nob.* Nay, I'm ashamed to give you the trouble, but being of importance—

*Wife.* I'll make the best speed, and bring him to you immediately. [*Exit wife, L. U. E.*]

*Nob.* (*n. approaching.*) Leoda?

*Leo.* (*L. aside.*) I'm so flurried, I—

*Nob.* There's not a moment to be lost!—Pardon this abruptness: I have often seen you, but never before had it in my power to declare how the first glance of that enchanting face—

*Leo.* I must not listen to this—leave me, my lord.

*Nob.* I cannot leave you till you have uttered some word of consolation; blessed me with some ray of hope!

*Leo.* Of hope? My lord I am the daughter of an humble farmer, and have no right to listen to a man like you. Even were I no longer the mistress of my heart, I trust I am not yet so lost to principle, as to avow it where it might not be confessed with honor. [*x. to L.*]

*Nob.* Do you deem me capable of deception? Leoda, it is to make you my wife—to give you rank and title, that I come.

One word of yours can give splendor to the home you love, and make the heart, that lives but in your kindness, happy.

*Leo.* (*Aside.*) Indeed! (*hesitating, aloud.*) My lord, I——

*Clari.* [*To Ves.*] Hide me! hide me.

*Ves.* Be calm, dear mistress, be calm. It's only a play.

*Nob.* Speak, speak!

*Leo.* Would that my mother would return.

*The Nobleman falls on his knee, takes her hand and kisses it passionately—Leoda weeps.*

*Clari.* [*Aside.*] Fearful resemblance!—Has there before been such another victim.

*Nob.* Oh, blessed moment!—Ere another morn, my Leoda, my loved, adored Leoda, will be my bride!—But time presses, we must to my villa, instantly.

*Leo.* [*Recoiling.*] My lord?

*Nob.* Reason of rank require it; our marriage must be secret and immediate, or it may be prevented. Once mine, I will lead you back in triumph.

*Leo.* What?—Leave my parents in doubt, in misery?

*Nob.* Banish these childish scruples—your parents will applaud you when they know the truth. Come to the lover who adores you!—Come to the altar, which will pour forth blessings on those you love so tenderly! Come, Leoda, Come.

*Attempting to lead her towards the bridge—Clari starts up in her place—Vespina steps forward eagerly, checks her, and she sinks back to her seat.*

*Clari.* [*With emphatic signs to Leoda, and her voice choked with emotion.*] No, no, no.

*Leo.* Urge me no more,—farewell!

*Nob.* Still, still inflexible? My doom's then fixed. [*Half unsheathes his sword—Leoda shrieks, and faints in his arms.*]

*Clari.* The wicked hour come back!—'Tis here again 'tis here!

*Nob.* Ha! a moment's delay now would ruin all!—Guido, prepare the carriage—Guido, haste!

*MUSIC.—The Nobleman bears off Leoda over the bridge.—Re-enter the Wife, hastily, L. U. E.*

*Wife.* Sure, some one shrieked! Where is Leoda? His lordship gone! [*Looking out.*] Merciful power!—My child! and borne away! What can this mean?—Stay, stay!

*Re-enter Pelgrino, hastily, L. U. E.*

*Pel.* [*L.*] Wife, whence this alarm! whence this wild cry?

*Wife.* [R.] My child! my child! a mere pretence—our girl—our darling—lost—escaped! [*Pointing.*]—There, there! the seducer—there, there!

*She darts forward, and falls against the ascending platform of the bridge.*

*Clari.* Stand before me, Vespina. They'll see—they'll see!

*Pel.* What, fled?—Given up to shame? Oh, art beyond belief! A father's curse—

*Clari.* [*Springing up, rushes on the stage and falls at his feet.*] Hold, curse her not.—She is not lost—she is innocent.

*Re-enter the Duke Vivaldi and Servants, R.*

*Duke.* What do I see?

*MUSIC.*—*The Duke and Tenantry stand astonished—Vespina raises Clari, and the scene closes.* [*Quick drop, picture.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter Vespina, R. leading in Clari, her hair dishevelled, her face pale.*

*Clari.* [R.] Thanks! thanks! a thousand thanks. I grieve to have troubled you thus—'tis over now—'tis nothing.

*Ves.* [L.] My lady, the duke, the duke!

*Enter the Duke Vivaldi, L.*

*Clari.* [*Greatly agitated.*] My lord, I—

*Duke.* [*With a severe look.*] No more of that—'tis past.

*Clari.* My lord.

*Duke.* Leave us, Vespina.

[*Exit Ves., L.*]

*Clari.* [R.] Have I deserved this indifference, Vivaldi? Is it my fault, that my feelings overcame me, and that the scene revived my sense of duty? Oh, Vivaldi! it is those fatal feelings which have made me what I am.

*Duke.* [L.] I am weary of this parade of sensibility. You have called up against me the laugh of my tenantry and domestics; let that content you.

*Clari.* What does this change portend?—This freezing look—this language of reproach?

*Duke.* For your own sake and mine, press me no further *Clari.* I would not have had the scene which has just passed, occur for millions. If you have placed yourself in unpleasant circumstances, common policy should at least teach you to shun the sneers of the world. But, it is over; and nothing can now



be said which will not increase instead of diminish our mutual uneasiness. [X to R.

*Clari.*—[*C. As if almost awakened to the truth, emphatically and hysterically exclaims,*] Am I deceived?

*Duke.* (R.) I cannot tell what childish hopes you may have indulged; and I am only sorry that you should have been weak enough to deceive yourself.

*Clari.* Oh, no! my agitation must have shaken my senses! He could not—no, no!—Vivaldi!—in the name of all that you have professed, and I believed; in the name of those vows which are registered on high, however man may slight them; and in that holier name of all, the name of Him, whose bolt hangs o'er the hypocrite, dispel these doubts, and this suspense; restore me instantly to my parents, or at once name the hour for that ceremony to pass, when, before the world, you acknowledge me as your wife!

*Duke.* Since you will force me to be explicit, Clari—is it not strange that a mind so intelligent should have fancied for a moment that it was possible for one of my rank to wed a girl in yours?

*Clari.* (*Choked with emotion,*) The oath! the oath!

*Duke.* My heart is ever your's; but my hand I have no power to dispose. (*Clari is going, R*) Nay, you pass not hence.

*Clari.* Are there no pangs that, like the dagger, kill the heart they pierce? I cast me at your feet in agony!—"Tis Clari kneels and supplicates; not for herself, but for the racked souls, and the grey hairs of age; for your own honor and eternal peace, restore me to my parents.

*Duke.* [*Aside.*] She rends my soul! [*To Clari.*] No more! no more! Believe my heart unchanged—my unceasing love.—

*Clari.* Monster! dar'st thou still profane that sacred world? No, my lord, the mask is torn away,—the attachment which was my pride, now is my disgust! (X to R) 'Tis past!—I know myself deceived; but, thank heaven, I am not lost. To you, my lord, the bitter hour is not yet arrived; but 'tis an hour that never fails to guilt. At some unexpected moment, the blandishments of pleasure will lose their force, the power of enjoyment will be palsied in your soul: it will awake only to remorse! In that hour of retribution, think of these words of warning—think of the hearts you've broken—think, my lord, and tremble.

[*Exit, R. D.*

*Duke.* The fatal truth curdles my blood like poison! I feel the hell in my bosom? Oh, what a heart I've lost! But, gracious heaven! her desperation may attack her life, and I the cause. She must be watched! Who waits?

*Enter Vespina, L.*

*Duke.* Vespina go to your mistress. (*Ves. x. to R.*) Say, that just reparation shall be made. Say, all that should be said to sooth her agony. Then return. (*Exit Ves. R.*) I wait her coming, as the wretch waits for the announcement of his doom. Hark!—didn't some one move?—No, not yet.—Now! again deceived! A step approaches the door—It opens—she's here!

*Re-enter Vespina, R.*

*Ves.* [*R.*] She sat like a statue, with her eyes fixed upon the earth; and when I spoke, burst into a flood of tears. She then threw herself on a couch, and, I think, seems as if she would fall into a slumber.

*Duke.* Let her not be disturbed, but watch instantly. In this state of mind, her life's not safe in her own hands. To your care I confide her. [*Exit L.*]

*Ves.* Her life not safe! Mercy on us! Well, if this is being in love——

*Page.* [*Interrupting her.*] You are almost inclined to wish yourself free again—eh, Signora?

*Ves.* Why, you little marmoset, you! what do you mean by wishing myself free? Have you the assurance to insinuate that I am in love?

*Page.* I don't insinuate, I affirm.

*Ves.* Was there ever such an audacious young——

*Page.* Come, come, don't call names, Signora, nor attempt to deny it; it's quite evident.

SCENE II. *A magnificent apartment adjoining Clari's bed-chamber.* [*Same as Scene I.*] *The curtains of the French window closed—lights on the toilet.*

*Enter Vespina, L.—She steals softly to the bed-chamber door R. and peeps.*

*Ves.* Yes, she sleeps. Poor lady, my heart bleeds for her. [*Coming forward.*] Why, this strange unlooked-for adventure has created a fine confusion with all of us; for, see—if one wouldn't think, by the state this room is in, that it had turned the heads of the whole family? Scarcely a piece of furniture in its place, and my mistress's toilet, too. [*going to the toilet-table.*] Here's disorder! but hold, Vespina.—that's

your affair, so no complaining, There, there, and there. (*putting toilet-table to rights*.) I declare I'm almost worn out with this bustle. Heigho! I'm ordered by the duke to watch my mistress here, but I'm sure I don't know what I shall do to keep awake. Suppose I finish the new drawing the Lady Clari honored my humble talents by so much admiring—that's just the thing. (*She places the drawing stand in front of the stage and sits down.*) Ah! love, love, you're a sad capricious, mischievous, little monkey, that you are, and I'm afraid I shall be thinking more about you than my drawing, after all.

## SONG.—VESPINA.

Little love's a mischievous boy,  
And uses the heart like a toy!  
Full of rapture when first he takes it,  
Then he pouts, throws it down, and breaks it.

His smile has such witchery in it,  
That all the world wishes to win it;  
But when in his cross moods they hear him,  
All wish they had never come near him.

*She goes to the door of the bed-chamber, and having ascertained that her mistress still sleeps, she returns to the drawing.*

Ves. (*With signs of excessive weariness.*) Oh, dear! my eyelids are so heavy, they stick together whenever I wink, and I can scarcely force 'em open again. My poor drawing will never get finished at this rate. However, I must try once more what it will do, to keep me from sleeping on my post.

[*She removes her chair, etc., up near the glass, &c.*  
*She sits down and sings.*

"But there's no getting folks to be taught,"

[*Nods, revives, and starts.*

"Experience others has bought."

[*Nods and revives.*

"Young love's a mischievous boy."

"To"—"Win it"—"In it"—"Win it"—"Win it."

*Falls asleep—her sleep seems disturbed—she appears every instant ready to awake.*

*Enter Clari, in her village dress, R. D.—She approaches softly and looks cautiously at Vespina.*

*Clari.* She sleeps! Now is the only moment! I thought I could not brave a father's eyes: but there is a courage in despair, which makes the weak frame wonder at itself. (*producing a letter.*) This to the duke. (*Bringing ornaments.*) And here are all his gifts—his diamonds—his detested wealth. (*Puts the things on the toilet R. and attaches the letter to a casket.*) Now, methinks, my heart feels lighter. Yes, like the prodigal, I will turn my steps where a child may always look with confidence. I have been imprudent, but am not guilty. Heaven receives the offering of the sincerely penitent; and can a parent's blessing be denied where heaven forgives?

*She undraws the curtain softly, and opens the window—the distant landscape is discovered by a fine moonlight. Clari brings a scarf, and fastens one end of it to the balcony railing, then returns, makes an appeal to heaven for protection, and blows out the candles, the stage is instantaneously thrown into a deep darkness, which contrasts finely with the strong blueish moonlight, cast so powerfully upon the background, that Clari is distinctly discovered getting over the balcony, and letting herself down slowly by the scarf, till at last her head sinks out of sight.*

*Enter Jocosso, L. D., with a lighted candle in his hand, after pushing the door softly open, and peeping in.*

*Joc.* Vespina will be mighty lonesome, sitting up here all night by herself. I don't see her. Hist! something moved. Why, if she isn't fast asleep! Her dream seems to make her terribly uneasy. Perhaps she fancies she's torn away from me? She's trying to cry out! It must be what they call the nightmare. They say a touch will cure it. I'll try. (*He kisses Vespina, who starts up and screams violently.*) Hush! hush! (*Putting his hand to her mouth.*) It's only me! You'll disturb the house, and I shall lose my character.

*Ves.* Oh, such a dream! I thought I saw young mistress weltering in her blood! (*Runs to Clari's door.*) What's this? What does this mean? The chamber door open? (*Darts into chamber and returns hastily.*) Not there, not there.

*Joc.* Then she must be gone. (*Runs to the window, C. R.*) If there isn't the window wide open, too, and a shawl hanging over the balcony.

*Ves.* (*Running up and down, wringing her hands.*) Escaped! lost. Follow, Jocosso, follow.

*Joc.* What, jump out of the window? No, I'm obliged to you, I'd rather be excused.

*Ves.* We're ruined—we're undone. Help! help! help!

*Joc.* Help! help!

*Enter the Duke, hastily, followed by Claudio Pietro, and Servant, with flambeaux.*

*Duke.* (C.) What means this alarm?

*Ves.* My lady! my lady!

*Joc.* [R.] Ah, yes, my lord, my lady.

*Duke.* What of her! where is she?

*Joc.* That's exactly what we don't know, my lord.

*Ves.* [L.] That window ——

*Duke.* Gone? Oh, misery! Wretches, this is your deed.  
[drawing his sword] Swift punishment——

[*Jocoso and Vespina drop on their knees, trembling.*]

*Joc.* If you kill us ——

*Ves.* We shall never——

*Joc.* Live to ——

*Ves.* Be married, my lord.

*Duk.* [dashing down his sword,] What can be done? Which way to turn! [discovers the letter attached to the casket.] Ha! what's here! a letter. (Tears it opens and reads, pauses a moment, then seems to form a sudden determination.) 'Tis fixed? My mind's resolved. There's but one course; I'll hesitate no longer. [To the Servants,] Away! Fly in search of her, and wealth be his reward who shall restore her to my arms.

[Exit Duke, hastily, L. D.]

END OF ACT 2.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Clari's native village, with a distant view of Milan, two cottages on opposite sides.*

*Enter Ninetta and Nimpedo, from the Cottage, R.*

*Nim.* Thank ye, neighbors, thank ye.

*Enter Nicolo from the cottage, L.*

*Nic.* Good morning to you my dear girl; and may this prove a blessed day to you. I'll try if I can't prevail on Rolamo, the unfortunate father of Clari, to come to your wedding; poor fellow? he may be compared to the ruined wing of the crazy old mansion house he has converted into a farm, that looks down in gloomy silence upon the bright and smiling landscape which everywhere surrounds it. [X. to L.] Ah! that sad girl. The flowers they go to gather are less frail than she has proved. My children be virtuous, if you would be happy. [Exit, L.]

*Nin.* [R.] Clari's father! Ah, if our poor Clari herself were only here now, how her heart would rejoice in our happiness.

*Nim.* [L.] Don't name her, Ninetta; don't name her. A virtuous girl's lips ought not to be sullied by the mention of her name.

*Nin.* Ah, Nimpedo! pity becomes the virtuous, and the more she is fallen, the more she deserves to be pitied.

*Nim.* Psha! Can't you talk about something else?

*Nin.* A sad day it was when she went away. Everybody was downcast, as if some great affliction had befallen the village.

*Nim.* More fools they; if you or I had gone, indeed, it might have afflicted them; now, Ninetta, you sha'n't talk any more about her. If yesterday hadn't been her birth day, we should have been married yesterday, plague on her. Cheer up, Ninetta; come, cheer up, and if you won't without, I'll give you a kiss, and try what that'll do.

[*He attempts to kiss her—she avoids him.*]

*Nin.* Come, come, sir, we're not man and wife yet.

*Enter Clari, L.*

*Clari.* [*Calling.*] Ninetta!

*Nim.* [*Starting.*] Bless us! what's that?

*Nim.* As I live, it's Clari, or her ghost!

*Nin.* It must be her ghost.

*Nim.* [*Terrified*] Eh? Oh, dear—I say, Ninetta, do you stay here — and — and — I'll go and fetch the priest to speak to it. [*going.*]

*Nin.* [*Stopping him*] Oh, don't leave me, Nimpedo. Stand before me. Don't let it do me any harm.

*Clari.* Ninetta, only one word!

*Nin.* No; 'tis she herself, as I'm alive, but, oh, how changed. [*x. to c.*]

*Nim.* Are you quite sure?

*Clari.* Ninetta, one word.

*Nim.* Don't speak to her Ninetta. Don't have a word to say to her, alive or dead; she'll make you as bad as herself.

*Nin.* You've no right to command me yet, I'm free to-day; and we musn't turn our backs on the unfortunate Nimpedo. Stand aside, now, and let me hear what she has to say.

*Nim.* Ah, women will have their way, so I'll give you your's this time, because I can't help it; but remember, Ninetta, people are known by the company they keep. I would not, for the world, have you seen talking with a wretch, that — as you please. [*going, returns*] You know, I'm not very particular, but, — well, as you please — only, — well, I'm going.

[*Exit into the cottage, r.*]

*Clari.* [*advancing, l.*] Ninetta have you forgotten me?

*Nin.* [*r.*] No, Clari, no! nor never shall forget you. I was even talking about you as you called. Ah, Clari, you're sadly altered; and so is everything since you went away. Such a day as it was when you left us. There wasn't a dry eye, nor a cheerful word spoke in the village. Your poor father——

*Clari.* [*l. quickly*] Well, well?

*Nin.* I see, it grieves you: I didn't mean to make you sad — you look as if you had suffered enough. This is my wedding-day, Clari.

*Clari.* Your wedding-day! blessings on it, Ninetta! blessings! blessings. Oh, if there be heaven on earth, it is the heaven of virtuous love, by virtuous bonds united.

*Nin.* [*aside*] She makes my heart come into my eyes. [*To Clari.*] Can I do anything for you, Clari?

*Clari.* Yes, Ninetta; I wish to see my mother, and to see her privately. She would not, perhaps, admit me to her presence, if she were forewarned. You can oblige me greatly if you will induce her to come to me, by saying that a stranger desires to speak to her.

*Nin.* That I will, with all my heart, Clari; and may it come to good. [*Ninetta rapidly crosses Clari, to get out l.—a flute is heard, playing the air of "HOME, SWEET HOME."*—*Clari catches the arm of Ninetta, and stands transfixed in breathless silence till it is ended.*] Hear you that, Clari? Some wandering mountain-

eer, who—oh, Clari! does it not seem as if a spirit in the air had breathed the melody so sacred to our home, as a good omen to the returning wanderer?

*Clari.* [R.] My heart will break.

*Nin.* There's a promise in those sounds, which makes me sure we shall not fail. [*going.*] But where shall I find you?

*Clari.* I'll follow you: go round to the front door; I'll take the opposite side, and meet you at the yard gate.

*Nin.* Heaven help you, Clari!

[*Exit, running, L.*]

*Clari.* And heaven will help the heart determined to retrace the paths of rectitude and honor. [*The melody played on the flute at a distance is heard again.*]

SCENE II.—*A Picturesque Landscape.—A Farmhouse in the foreground, formed out of the ruins of an ancient mansion, L.—A large Cartshed attached, containing a cart loaded with hay—A little thatched Summer-house, embossed in a wood, R. S. E.—A Quickset Hedge, breast-high, round the Farmyard.—A Bridge.—The Great Gate, R. U. E.—A Table, R. C.*

*Fidalma enters with breakfast things, which she places on the table, L.*

*Fid.* There! There!—There's the breakfast ready for my poor Rolamo, and now I wish he would return. He has been out ever since daybreak with his gun: it's the only thing that seems to excite his attention. At home, all day long he does nothing but sigh—or, if he thinks he is not observed, weep. Oh, Clari, unthinking girl! you have too much to atone for! How long he stays! (*looking out.*) No—no glimpse of him! yet, my mind is never easy in his absence: his despondency sometimes makes me fear that—ah! surely yonder I see him moving mournfully through the trees. Yes, 'tis he—he is just at the bridge—he comes! [*Music.—Rolamo is seen passing over the bridge, L. U. E. and carrying his gun.*]

*Enter Rolamo, at the gate, R. — he places his gun against the farmhouse, L. S. E.*

*Fid.* You were wrong to have wandered so far. You seem quite exhausted.

*Rol.* [*Wiping his forehead*] No; 'tis only exercise that can divert my gloom. When the mind's disturbed, the body does not feel fatigued. I'm late—I hope you hav'nt waited breakfast for me.



*Fid.* [*L.*] I would'nt certainly breakfast without you; but you are too much heated to sit in the open air. Go into the house, and I'll take the breakfast things in for you.

*Rol.* [*R.*] Well, well, as you please.

[*Fidalma gathers up the breakfast things, and exits into the house, L. 2. E.*

*Rol.* [*Looking after her*] Poor childless mother! she struggles with her grief, and endeavors to impart a joy which neither of us can know again!—No, no; peace of mind fled with my guilty daughter—never to return! Why did I repair the ravages time had made in this old mansion? Why strive to give an air of comfort to my habitation? Because I deemed it would be the abode of bliss. She—my child has made it the cave of despair. But, no matter; a few years of neglect, desolation will spread around, and hearth and roof-tree will be ruined, like my happiness, and broken as my heart. My daughter, my Clari! Oh, misery, misery.

[*Rushes into the house, R. 2. E.*

*Re-enter Fidalma, from the house, Nicolo through the gate, R. U. E.*

*Nic.* Fidalma, good morning. We're to have a wedding in the village to-day. My daughter is to be married to our neighbor Nimpedo, and I come to invite you and your husband to join our frolics.

*Fid.* I'm sure it's in vain to say anything to Rolamo. He is so given up to his griefs, that he shuns all society.

*Nic.* He ought not—society is the only remedy. He should hope, and have more fortitude. Join your entreaties to mine, Fidalma, and try to prevail upon him, for once at least, to go abroad, and our young folks will take it as the greater compliment.

*Fid.* With all my heart; and I should be very glad if he would consent; but I fear 'tis in vain to ask him.

*Nic.* At any rate we can try. So, I'll follow you.

[*Exeunt into the house, L. 2. E.*

*Enter Clari at the gate, R. U. E.*

*Clari.* There is my home! my blessed, blessed home. A frowning form appears to guard the threshold, shrieking in my ear—"Hence, thou shalt not enter!" But can I linger here? [*Advances a step or two forward.*] I seem to tread upon the earth like a criminal, yet still must I steal upon the hallowed spot. Heart, be firm. (*Advances then starts back*) I must, I will approach. Now, now, now! [*Having made at last one*

*violent effort, she rushes down and exclaims triumphantly,]* Once more I am surrounded by all that is dear to me! Father, mother, your unhappy child, sorrowing, imploring, returns to you. *(A flute is heard without, at a distance, R. U. E.)* And hark! Again my native village song! how acutely doth its accents strike upon my heart, in such a scene as this; around whose every tree and flower some recollection of infancy is entwined.

*[A chorus of villagers is heard without, R. U. E., as if they were passing along the road.]*

'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!  
Home! sweet home!  
There's no place like home.

*During the chorus Clari casts herself upon her knees, overpowered by the excess of her grief.*

*Nin.* *[Calling exultingly from the farm house.]* Joy, Clari! joy.

*Re-enter Ninetta, gaily, from the house, L. S. E.—Clari springs up in rapture, and runs to meet her.*

*Nin.* Joy, Clari, joy; she'll come to you. Wait in the summer house, and she'll be with you instantly.

*Clari.* Thanks! ten thousand, thousand thanks.

*Nin.* She's coming—go quick. I pray for your success from the bottom of my soul. *[Exit Clari into summer house, R.]*

*Re-enter Fidalma, from the house, L. S. E.*

*Fid.* In the summer house.

*Nin.* Yes, ma'am; the person's waiting for you there.  
*[Exit Fidalma, into the summer house, R. S. E.]*

*Enter Nimpedo, running through the gate, R. U. E.*

*Nim.* Here's pretty treatment for a wedding day. You couldn't be less civil if we had been married a year. To leave me all this while stuck behind a tree, waiting, sighing, and not knowing what to think of—and, when I go to look, to lead me such a thread-my-needle-dance—first through the wood, then over the little bridge, and—indeed, Ninetta—

*Nin.* Indeed—I've been doing what's of more consequence to both of us, than to watch your whims.

*Nim.* What's that?

*Nin.* Assisting to bring home a wanderer. Clari is in that summer house with her mother.

*Nim.* No ! And that was all you scampered away from me so for ?

*Nin.* Yes, Nimpedo ; and don't you think that such an act may bring a blessing on your wedding day.

*Nim.* Why, now I think of it, I can't say that I don't think, but I do think so—and——

*Nin.* Away, away ! they're coming.

*Nim.* Come along, come along. [*They run out, arm-in-arm, through the gate, R. U. E.*]

*Re-enter Fidalma, pale and trembling.—She looks out, then makes a sign to Clari, who follows from the summer house, R. S. E.*

*Clari.* (R.) Mother, dear mother ! to be suffered once more to speak to you in this place ; to know myself pardoned : my heart is so full—thus, thus only can I thank you. (*Seizes her hand, and kisses it with enthusiasm.*)

*Fid.* (L.) Unhappy girl. I believe you innocent ; but a mother's heart is more indulgent than the world. And, ah, there is one yet to be appeased. [*Steps heard in the farm house, L. S. E.*] Your father, softly—stand out of sight—he comes, but must not know you yet. [*She puts a veil over Clari, who shrinks into the summer house. Fidalma retires up R.*]

(*Re-enter Rolamo from the house, L. S. E., followed by Nicolo.*)

*Nic.* But, at any rate, for half an hour you might.

*Rol.* No ; I shall only mar the festal hour. I am the scathed tree of the heath, that cannot drop. The bolt that struck off my branches, has left my old trunk erect in wretched loneliness.

*Nic.* [R.] 'Tis a shame, neighbor, for a strong mind, like yours, to give itself up to sorrow, in this way. You might as well put a pistol to your head at once ; for you'll be sure to kill yourself by it, sooner or later ; and self murder in one form is quite as criminal as in another.

*Rol.* [R.] When you have seen the being for whom you've lived—the object of every solicitude—the child you've reared with unceasing watchfulness, wrenched from you by a villain's grasp, then come to me, and talk of patience, and I'll listen.

*Nic.* Well, well, I'll not weary you any longer. From my soul, I'm grieved to see you thus abandoned to fruitless sorrow. Farewell, my friend, and may days be at hand when we shall see you smile once more. [*Exit, through gate, R. U. E.*]

*Rol.* Smile! Oh, happy father; happy to see his daughter safe in her native innocence—safe from the bane of wealth. I once hoped that such a day would beam on me; but fate was jealous. Lost girl. [*Fidalma leads Clari from the summer house—they watch Rolamo, unobserved*] As I gaze there, methinks I see her in her infant days of innocence, when first her little steps began; laughing, she ran, with arms extended, towards me; then I trembled lest her young feet should fail, and she should fall. But she passed through those fearful times unharmed. She escaped a thousand dangers: now she falls—falls to the earth, never to rise. [*Fidalma advances, R.*] She's gone! she's lost. My Clari, oh my child. [*Throws himself into a chair, L.*]

*Fid.* [*Advancing and touching his shoulder.*] A tear. Did I not hear our Clari's name, too? Did not your lips utter the name of our child?

*Rol.* [*Rises.*] No, no, Fidalma; let us, if possible, not think or speak of her again.

*Fid.* [*R.*] Well, dear Rolamo, I will not urge it now; but here is a poor young creature, the daughter of—

*Rol.* Away, away! I have no daughter. [*x to R.*]

*Fid.* (*L.*) No Rolamo, but this repentant child, (the daughter of a neighbor,) is on her way to ask forgiveness of her offended father. She faints with shame and grief, and dares not meet him. Do speak a word or two to comfort her, and teach her in what words she should address him, to gain his blessing, and to soothe his anguish.

*Rol.* None! Let her not dare to look upon him; let not her presence insult the home her infamy has disgraced. [*x to L. Clari throws herself into her mother's arms.*] Perhaps, too, she has a mother, rich in every virtue—let her shun that mother, too; for contamination is in her touch. Virtue can hold no intercourse with vice, though vice, with double baseness, kneels, affecting reverence for virtue.

*Clari.* [*Sobbing.*] Oh, oh!

*Rol.* Yet hold; I will not judge too harshly; for there are shades of guilt, and her's, perhaps, may not be of so deep a dye as to preclude forgiveness. [*Fidalma puts Clari over to him*] Perhaps her father was not affectionate. Perhaps, (poor child) he was morose and rigid; perhaps neglectful, cold, and undulgent.

*Clari.* Oh, no, he was most kind, affectionate, and good. [*Still sobbing.*]

*Rol.* What did he love you more than all the world? Did he rear you in domestic tenderness, and train you in the paths

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